

Stanford, Ky., - - - April 22, 1887

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SIX PAGES.



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I offer for sale privately in Stanford, Ky., a very desirable residence with seven rooms and a porch. I am empowered by the will to make deeds to it. A fine chance is now offered to those desiring homes or investments.

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As Executor of Lewis V. Phillips, dec'd, I offer for sale, on easy terms, the following real estate and near the growing town of Lancaster, Garrard County, Kentucky:  
One Brick Store-room, on Public Square of said town, now used as a dry-goods room.  
One frame Store-room on the Public Square, now used as a family grocery room.  
Two Store-rooms on Richmond Street, near Public Square, one now used as a Millinery Store, the other as an Undertaking establishment. With this block will be sold if desired, a lot of ground adjoining.  
One farm with house and other necessary improvements, on the Lexington Turnpike, 3 miles from Lancaster, of 137 acres.  
One Farm of 140 acres, 3 1/2 miles from Lancaster, near the Lexington Pike, improved, with house and necessary outbuildings.  
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And also a tract of 35 acres on Gilbert's Creek, about 4 miles from Lancaster.  
As executor, I desire to sell all this property. I am empowered by the will to make deeds to it. A fine chance is now offered to those desiring homes or investments.  
For full particulars address my Attorney, H. T. Noel, Lancaster, Ky., or the undersigned at Stanford, Ky.  
J. M. PHILLIPS, Executor.

### READY WHILE YOU WAIT.

A HOUSE OR A SHIRT OR A SET OF TEETH MADE IN AN HOUR.

How the Work Is Done—Shoes Half Soled While You Read the Daily Paper—Secret of Rapid Watch Repairing—Quick Divorces.

"While you wait!"

It is now many years since this expression was made popular by a down town hatter, who advertised to "block your hat while you wait, for fifty cents," but it still retains its value in a commercial sense, and has been appropriated by the manufacturing world generally throughout the length and breadth of the land. As originally applied to the hatter's business it was ridiculed, laughed at, and criticized perhaps more than any other expression of the kind, unless it be the oft quoted "boots blacked inside," and yet to-day it is an important line in the advertisements of nearly every manufacturing interest in the United States. Do you want a pair of trousers, a suit of clothes, a shirt, your shoes soled and heeled, a new mainspring in your watch, a set of false teeth, a house built, or you want anything that can be made by the hand of man—you can get it "while you wait."

At a certain haberdasher's shirt can be had to order, made after any pattern, in any size, guaranteed to fit and ready to wear while the customer is getting shaved around the corner. It is accomplished by having ready cut sleeves, yokes, bosoms, bands and bodies always on hand. A capable cutter with a few flashes of his big shears will correct the defects of any of the parts, skilled operators will run parts through the sewing machine in a twinkling, while a patient washer, rinsing, wringer, dryer and former will turn the shirt out ready to be put on, and all inside of twenty minutes.

#### WHILE YOU READ THE PAPER.

In a certain street, within the shadow of police headquarters, there is a concern that will side and heel your shoes while you look over the columns of the daily paper and determine to what place of amusement you will go in the evening. The tailors on the Bowery will measure a customer for a pair of pants, cut, trim and make them and press them while he is taking his lunch or a newspaper, while those who will turn out a full suit of clothes while the customer is taking in some of the theatres near by are quite as many.

Dentists, who have in stock all kinds, varieties and qualities of plates, and will fit a patient's mouth with a partial or full set of teeth in less time than it once took to draw a single tooth, abound on Eighth, Sixth and Third avenues, as well as some of the cross streets. In Chicago there is a dentist who advertises to furnish new and full sets of teeth, guaranteed to give satisfaction, by mail order, and sends the same to remote points on approval. A firm of builders in Michigan will ship at once on receipt of order any size, kind or variety of a frame structure that may be desired. Parties intending to locate in Florida or at the sea shore are especially requested to send for a descriptive circular. These houses are built in sections and shipped as they are built. An hour's work, the proprietors say, will make any changes that a customer can possibly want. Several persons who will summer at Ashbury Park and Ocean Grove this year, it is understood, will introduce these ready made homes there early in the season. The same manner of houses was prepared for the late Greely relief expedition.

#### A SECRET OF WATCH CLEANING.

The secret of cleaning and repairing watches while you wait is, according to the assertion of the manufacturers, that the entire movement is taken out and a new one of the same kind is substituted. Now that most of the movements sold are made by machinery and of standard sizes, just as the cases of a watch are made, it is easy to see how this can be done. Persons having a fidgets or any other valuable movement, however, would do well to pause before they have a watchmaker repair their timepiece while they wait. Still, there are parts of a watch movement that can be duplicated at almost a moment's notice without affecting its value, such as pinions, ratchets, gear wheels and screws.

The science of cutting, fitting and trimming ladies' garments has progressed to such an extent that a dressmaker very often makes an entire suit for a customer while she is finishing a shopping tour, and as is oftentimes done by men's tailors, haberdashers cut, fit and make dresses while a customer waits in the parlors. Printers will prepare a form for a job, make it ready, and run off an order while a customer writes a letter, and recently the writer had a card engraved and printed while he selected a wedding invitation for a friend. Until recently the ease and dispatch with which a man could get a divorce in some of the western courts set forth in the assertion "that railroad trains stopped thirty minutes at certain towns, where all who desired could secure a divorce while they waited." Without going to this extreme, it is safe to say that to-day a man can get almost anything while he waits.—New York Mail and Express.

#### Embarrassing to a Stenographer.

One of the most embarrassing things a court stenographer can be subjected to sometimes is to be suddenly asked to read a lot of cross questioned testimony over which there has arisen a dispute, and the answers and questions of which, together with the interrupted remarks of wrangling counsel, have been taken down at lightning speed. Under such circumstances one's writing is little more than a scroll, and to decipher and read it quickly at a moment's notice is by no means easy. The most important thing in this, as in all kinds of reporting, is to keep a cool and collected head. I have seen some pitiable cases of first-class stenographers who were so rattled on being asked to read what they had written, that the request had to be withdrawn out of charity to them.—Globe-Democrat.

The devil gets in some of his finest work when he really persuades an egotist that he is standing by a principle when he is only exploiting vanity and cussedness.

In California they are beginning to talk of engaging in the cultivation of the cork oak. Owing to the wine industry, there is a great demand for cork in that state.

Mary Anderson has nearly concluded her riding lessons in London. She will shortly take her daily canter in Rotten Row at the fashionable hour.

Jeff Davis' expenses at Beauvoir are very heavy, so many people come to visit him. The old man finds it very difficult to make both ends meet.

A thirty-two foot spruce log was recently sawed into boards in a Puget Sound mill, and made 6,400 feet of lumber without a knot.

Societies for the advancement of dress reform for women now exist in England, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Finland.

### A YOUNG AMERICAN'S EXPERIENCE.

In a Hotel at Nice During the Recent Earthquake—Excited Women.

It was a fearful sensation. The first instant, when barely awake, I concluded it was an Indian bandit who had adopted the original method of getting under his victim's bed, of shaking the wits out of him, and leaving him in such a state of exhaustion that he might plunder the place at his leisure. On the strength of the first thought, being a person who never waits for that desirable but belated article, second thought, I naturally enough called out with a truly American accent, the only one at my disposal, "Quit that!" The sound of my own voice brought me to a full realization, and I instantly knew that it must be an earthquake. Some say it was a matter of twenty seconds; some generally concede it to have been a matter of forty seconds, while the ambitious newspaper correspondents have boldly made it a fraction short of a minute. I am told that, if it had lasted as long as sixty seconds, none of us would have been left to tell the tale, and that every house in Nice would have fallen to the ground like a pack of cards from the hands of an awkward dealer.

At all events it seemed a long time. To lie in a little iron bedstead and have it rocked by a great, unseen power; to see the walls moving about you and the floor cracking above you; to hear the cries of terrified women; to have the awful apprehension that your next moment will be your last moment, is not a pretty or a pleasant picture, and when it is an actual reality it is something beyond human description—something which once felt leaves a horrible recollection. Yet now that the danger is over I am glad to have been here, and to have what was really a thrilling experience. Born with a sometimes unfortunately keen sense of the ridiculous, I, even in the midst of danger, fear and distress, unconsciously absorbed the amusing features of the situation—for, as is often the case, there were many. Above that awful rumble of the earth's interior I heard the shrill cry of a woman: "Let me out! Break open the door!" Ah, these women! They are first in war, peace or earthquake.

Clad in a distressingly small number of man's accustomed garments, I dashed out into the hall, where I was instantly confronted by two excited females and that same voice: "You are a man. You must know. Oh, do tell us. What is it?" Without waiting an answer—where is the woman who ever does—she turned upon me and said: "Oh, you stupid man! It is an earthquake, and you know it is an earthquake, but you stand there dumb and stupid. You are a fool!" Next I ran against a tough looking Englishman, who actually grabbed me and, started thus: "When I was in India in '57 there was an earth"—but I had escaped. I had some aristocratic and wealthy friends who could afford the luxury of a beautiful, costly suit of apartments on the first floor. When I reached their door it had been just about seven minutes since the first shock; then came the second, strong but more brief.—Nice Cor. Courier-Journal.

#### A Queer 10 Cent Piece.

"There is a counterfeit 10 cent piece with a history," said a Jackson street man yesterday, as he fondled a gaudy looking coin dangling from his watch-chain. When the Federal troops were before Fredericksburg, a New York volunteer got out of his trench one morning, and, after attracting the attention of a Johnny who could be seen inside the fortifications, raised a flask of whisky to his lips, which were puckered for a long "pull." "The volunteer had taken, perhaps, three swallows of the liquor when we saw a puff of smoke and a flash from the fortifications, followed a second later by the collapse of the whisky flask and the fall of the volunteer. The bottle, which had been struck by a minié ball, was shattered, and the man who had held it lay bleeding at our feet. His upper jaw had been shattered by the bullet, which had also taken away seven of his front teeth and buried itself high up in his right cheek. It was one of the prettiest shots I saw during the whole war, and the volunteer, although seriously wounded, seemed to think it about the finest piece of work it had ever been his pleasure to witness.

"The bullet was cut out by a surgeon, and as soon as the patient recovered from the shock which he experienced, we melted the piece of lead and cast four of these dimes. The volunteer kept one, another went to his brother, the surgeon kept the third, and I was so fortunate as to become the possessor of the other. So you see this little piece of rebel lead looks a little like a human jaw, knocked out seven teeth, and traveled over 600 yards to battle itself in liquor and gore. Six months after this incident we learned that the bullet was fired by a crossed-eyed man in a South Carolina regiment."—Chicago Herald.

#### No Use to Get Mad.

Matthew Lyons, a naturalized Irishman, when a representative in congress from Vermont, was fined \$1,000 and imprisoned four months for publishing a letter calculating to bring President John Adams "into contempt." He was strongly opposed to everything that was royal or sovereign; and when a domineering was discussed he objected to the eagle being put on, because he was the king of birds and therefore inappropriate to a Republican emblem. Judge Thatcher, of Massachusetts, who was always characterized by good natured mirthfulness, replied that perhaps it would be well to take the goose for our emblem, for that bird had nothing majestic in her deportment, nor could her humble rank among the feathered tribe give offense to the most fastidious Republican. Moreover (continued the judge), geese could be a very convenient stamp for the penny pieces and penny nails.

This caused a great deal of mirth among the members, excepting Lyon, who was so offended by it that he challenged the facetious judge to a duel. "What arrangements will you make?" inquired the man who carried the challenge. "None at all," replied the judge. "Why, are you willing to be called a coward?" "Yes, because I am a coward, and he knew it very well, or he never would have challenged me." This turned the laugh upon Lyon, who wisely concluded there was no use in trying to fight with a man who fired nothing but jokes.—Ben: Perley Poore.

#### Onions for Nervous Prostration.

Those who are in the habit of indulging in raw onions may be consoled for the mature and able bodied odor which wraps them as in a veil, and causes men, women and children to flee from their malodorous vicinity, by the fact that onions are the best nerve tonic known. No medicine is really so efficacious in cases of nervous prostration, and they tone up a worn out system in a very short time. Their absorbent powers are also most valuable, especially in times of epidemic. It has repeatedly been observed that an onion patch in the immediate vicinity of a house acts as a shield against the pestilence, which is very apt to pass over the inmates of that house. Sliced onions in a sick room absorb all the germs and prevent contagion. During an epidemic the confirmed onion eater should, however, eschew his usual diet, as the germs of disease are present in the onion and contagion can easily result.—Globe-Democrat.

A farmer in the Black Hills is said to have made \$1,500 in onions grown on an acre and a quarter of land. He sold 450 sacks.

### AN ELEPHANT DRIVE.

AN INTERESTING STORY OF ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

Unparalleled Event in the History of Elephant Captures—Forming Lines of Fire Around the Captives—Luck of the Hunters.

Mr. G. Sanderson, the superintendent of the government Khedabs at Dacca, made an unprecedented capture of elephants in the Garo hills. The details of this exploit are described by Mr. Sanderson himself: "The 14th we began the drive in the forenoon. The elephants were, contrary to our expectation and to their habits hitherto, all together in one large gathering. To arrive at the stockade they had first to reach a small, level plateau on the top of a hill, from which they were to be deflected to the left down a slope, at the foot of which was the stockade, well screened in the jungle. The two guiding pulisades or wings, converging to the gate of the stockade, were run up the hillside the distance of some 200 yards, at fifty yards apart. Three fire lines were made through the jungle across the space between the guiding pulisades, one joining them at their extreme ends, one half way down and one out sixty yards from the gate. On these lines dry grass was stacked in bundles and hidden by green leaves, ready to be fired when the elephants had crossed the paths. The drive was well managed, the herd being kept together and not overdriven, which often causes a herd to break up into small parties. The moment the last had crossed the outermost fire line the spies sounded their rattles, and as if by magic I had not spared a few dozen match boxes among the men a crackling line of flame extended along the hillside, just long the extreme ends of the pulisade and cutting off retreat. Immediately the hitherto comparative silence of the drive was broken by yelling and blank firing from all sides, and the elephants hurried forward, in a crowd, no longer following any leader, but each striving not to be last. They soon crossed the second fire line, and at a signal from a foghorn—hardly audible in the din of elephants and men—active felled rifles were fired from both ends of the torches, and in a few seconds the line also was a wall of fire.

"The third line was similarly fired when the herd had passed, and now the fun waxed fast and furious. Some of the elephants went into the stockade at once, but a huge male with the right tusk only such elephants are called Gushes and certain casts of Hindoos reverence them took up his position in the gateway, which was only eleven feet wide, and no elephant could pass him. The scene now was extraordinary, and Col. and Mrs. Graham Smith, from a platform in a tree near, had an excellent view of it. The space between the converging pulisades was tightly packed by a struggling mass of elephants for many yards from the gate. Every vestige of jungle had disappeared, and the men were skirmishing with blank cartridges and torches of blazing grass up to within twenty yards or less of the elephants, and a shower of sticks and clods was kept up over the pulisades by those outside. The roaring of the youngsters of the herd, which were being trampled and squeezed, combined with the noise of rattles, guns and fire, and the fire consuming the jungle between the pulisades in the direction whence the elephants had come, made it impossible to make one's self heard by any one, even at one's elbow. I fired several charges of shot into the rear-most of the elephants, though really I thought them little to blame for not 'moving on'; it was not for want of will or pushing, as the angle of their hind legs as they bored desperately into the mass before them mutely testified. At last the opposition gave way, the Gushes and others which were stopped by the pressure behind, and the animals in the rear made renewed exertions to get away from the terrible sights and sounds so close behind them.

"When I saw the elephants struggling before the gate I never believed that so many (130 as it turned out) could by any possibility get into a stockade 215 feet in circumference. The area was even less than that of a circle of similar circumference, as our stockades have thirteen straight sides of fifteen feet each and the gate side of twenty feet. We never expected our stockades would hold over 100 elephants; sixty-five was the greatest number we had ever impounded before, though, I must say they had plenty of room when the resistance was overcome and the final struggle to get into the stockade began. The thing seemed impossible after seeing the elephants half covering a hillside or trooping along single file. One wave to the men who stood over the gate rope with hisax, and the ponderous gate came down on to the backs of the last few elephants, and as they struggled from under it and fell into position it was quickly lashed by many willing hands.

"Immediately everybody went to work to strengthen the stockade. It was never really in danger, but we made assurance doubly sure. A supplemental stockade was at once commenced by barricading off twenty yards of the space between the guiding pulisades outside the gate. The elephants were pounded at 1 p. m., but it was not until 9.30 p. m. that all was ready. We then hauled up the gate and relieved them from the black hole like confinement of the stockade by admitting them into the new one. It was filled at once, but really the crowd in the first stockade hardly seemed decreased. Early next morning we went out to see the elephants in the supplemental stockade by closing the gate, and the tame elephants were then admitted, and by evening had secured the lot and removed and tied them up in the forest near. At night the gate between the stockades was again raised to give the remainder room, and wild plain trees and other succulent, cooling fodder were supplied to them. By next morning we had hauled out two tree trunks twenty feet long and pushed them end through the timbers of the stockade, and by keeping men with buckets flowing water from the Ganol stream, which flowed within a few yards of the stockade, we supplied the thirsty animals with plenty of cold, clear mountain water, which they seemed heartily thankful, and which, in addition to drinking, they showered over their bodies. The third day, the 17th, the last of the elephants was removed and the whole number tied in a large clearing in the forest near.—The Englishman.

#### Seafaring a Hard Life.

Swedes man the Dauntless for exactly the same reason that English sailors grow rarer and more rare on the decks of British ships. Seafaring is the hardest life at which a man earns his living. It was once well paid by comparison with land work. It is not in these days of floating teakettles, and wherever, as in this country, life is comfortable on land, or in England even tolerable, men will no longer go to sea. So well is this understood in England that it has come to be a proverb that no man will endure the hardships of the life unless he begins as a boy, and the practical result is that seamen come more and more from those countries in Europe where life is hardest on land, Sweden, Norway and Italy, with a steady increase of Lascars and other Asiatics.—Philadelphia Press.

### ALAS!

Alas for all high hopes and all desires! Like leaves in yellow autumn time they fall. Alas for prayers and palms, and love's pure fires; One silence and one darkness end them all.

Alas for all mankind—sad, fleeting race! Alas, my love, for you and me alas! Some day death holds us in a close embrace; We, too, like all the rest, from earth must pass.

Alas! to think we shall forget some hours Whereof the memory like love's planet glows— Forget them, as the year her withered flowers— Forget them, as the sun forgets the rose.

Our keenest rapture, our most deep despair, Our hopes, our dreams, our laughter and our tears, Shall be no more at all upon the air— No more at all through all the endless years.

We shall be mute beneath the grass and dew— We shall be very mute there, in death's state— And you will be as I, and I as you— One sameness shrouded upon us, and one fate.—Philip Bourke Marston in The Independent.

#### A. T. STEWART'S APPOINTMENT.

Lost His Chance of Becoming a Statesman—Left Out in the Cold.

Nobody dreamed then that Mr. Stewart would be appointed secretary of the treasury, but before the 4th of March the place was offered to him. As the world knows he was appointed and confirmed, and then it was discovered that he was ineligible. A forgotten law prohibited any one interested in imports from holding the office of secretary of the treasury. Stewart had been immensely gratified at the offer, and was anxious to hold the post. He proposed to turn over his great business to trustees for the space of four years, the entire profits to be devoted to some public or charitable purpose in which he should not be interested.

But the device was insufficient to obviate the difficulty and another secretary was appointed in his stead. Thus Stewart lost his chance of becoming a statesman. The president could find another secretary of the treasury. Stewart had no other president to turn to. He became a plain dry goods man again, without place, or power, or public career. To be so near a great position, and yet to lose it, to be appointed and confirmed, and even congratulated; to have made his arrangements, and, doubtless, determined on his appointments in advance, and yet to be dashed down to private life, was hard. But besides this, Stewart thought that some of the importance or influence which had been offered him should have been allowed to remain. He even wanted to retain a title of the patronage which might have been his had he entered office.

I went out of the country in May, 1880, and returned in the next September. On arriving at New York I went to Mr. Stewart's great store, as I had been used to do before Grant was president, and spent an hour with him in private talk. I was amazed at the tone of his conversation. He did not expect, he said, to enjoy the influence he had once anticipated, but even the few favors he asked had been withheld. The personal friends he had expected to advance were overlooked, or their claims belittled, if not ignored. Judge Hilton, his life long associate and intimate, he had hoped would be appointed collector of New York, and a relative of his wife he wanted made consul at Havre. The collectorship was gone irretrievably to another, and instead of Havre his relative was offered Bordeaux. He wanted me to represent this to the government. But the government was made up; the carriage was full; the train had started, and those who had not succeeded in entering could hardly expect to be treated like regular passengers. Stewart was out in the cold. He saw the president occasionally after this, and entertained him when he came to New York; but their intimacy was at an end.—Adam Badeau's Letter.

#### Odor of the Chinese Quarters.

After the promiscuous activity of the Chinese, which makes upon the observer the same impression produced by the study of one of Dante's sketches of the lost souls of Dante, forever tolling in the gloom of the nether world, the next thing that strikes the stranger is the peculiar odor that fills the air; and that resembles a combination of bad tobacco and the pungent fumes from the punk that the American small boy uses on the Fourth of July to light his fire crackers. Mingled with this is the smell of unclean streets, the whole making a combination not easily forgotten. The Abbe Huck, who traveled in China in native dress, declared that he could readily detect the people in regard to his nationality, as he spoke the language perfectly, and as long exposure had stained his skin to a copper color; but the Chinese dogs always barked at his heels, because they detected the absence of the national odor. This sense of smell is partly the result of custom, of sleeping in his clothes, but mainly to the fact that the constant smoking of opium and tobacco, and the preparation of food at open fires, subject the dweller in a Chinese house to perpetual fumigation. Hence the smoky odor clings to him, and not even the breeze of the Pacific have power to dislodge it.—George H. Fitch in Cosmopolitan.

#### Good News for the Britishers.

Two young men left Chicago a few weeks since to go into business in London and England. They intended starting in the world's metropolis as American luncery like those of the Kohlschats and others in Chicago—places wherein the luncers sit on high stools in front of big counters and eat sandwiches, hot cakes, pies, pastry, pork and beans, etc., all clean, wholesome and cheap, quickly served and presenting the attractiveness of an almost endless variety. The young men intend making their London luncery as thoroughly American as possible, with mince pie, cordy, pumpkin pie, pork and beans, buckwheat cakes, oyster pus and other dishes distinctively Yankeeish. They have a capital of only \$2,500 between them, but expect to reap a rich harvest from their efforts to show the Londoners a few tricks in the luncery line. Chicago, by the way, was the pioneer in this novel form of luncery, and to this day carries on the business in a state of perfection reached by none of the imitators in other cities.—Chicago Herald.

#### A Very Young Merchant.

Some odd facts are occasionally found just beneath a most commonplace surface. Happening in a large hat and cap establishment—wholesale—the other day, I inquired for the proprietor. A boy about 11 years old was pointed out to me. "But I want to see the proprietor," I said. "I am the proprietor of this store—what can I do for you?" exclaimed the lad. And, sure enough, investigation proved that he was the actual owner of the establishment, and nominally the head of the firm. His father had owned the store, but, having other business as well and not wishing to carry them both in his own name, presented the hat and cap establishment to his 11 year old son and placed the boy in charge. Of course the father still exercises general control, but the legal head of the firm, signer of checks, keeper of the combination of the safe and man of authority is the son, undoubtedly the youngest wholesale merchant in Chicago.—Chicago Herald.

John Boyle O'Reilly does not believe that Queen Victoria owns real estate in Washington, as she would have to pay taxes out of her own pocket on it if she did.

### MILLINERY.

I am daily opening an elegant line of Fall Millinery, including all

The Latest Novelties of the Season.

Also Notions, such as Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs, Ruching, Corsets, Bustles, etc. You will find me at the rooms lately vacated by Emile & Warren, next door to the Myers House. 162-2m.

KATE DUDDEAR.

MACK BRUCE'S

### Buggy & Implement House.

—I have now—

A Full Line of Wheat Drills and other Agricultural Implements, —Besides a—

Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand. In connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a

Complete Stock of Lumber,

Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as

Low as any one.

I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,

M. H. BRUCE.

### MYERS HOTEL.

STANFORD, KY.

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This Old and Well-Known Hotel Still Maintains its High Reputation.

Its Proprietor is Determined that it shall be second to no Country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments, or Attention to Comfort of their Guests

Breakfast will be served to and from the hotel free of charge. Special accommodations to Commercial Travelers. The Bar will always supply with the choicest brands of liquors and Cigars.

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A SPECIFIC FOR WOMAN'S DISEASES

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